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Belknap

Journal of a tour
from Boston to
Orinda, June, 1796

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JOURNAL

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JOURNAL
OF
A TOUR FROM BOSTON TO OUELZA.

JUNE, 1990

BY JEREMY BENNETT.

IN COMPANY WITH THE U. S. GOVT.

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by GEORGE H. DEXTER, JR.

CONCLUSION.

JOHN WILSON and DON

St. Vincent, L. I.

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JOURNAL
OF
TOUR FROM BOSTON TO ONEIDA,

JUNE, 1796.

BY JEREMY BELKNAP,

IN COMPANY WITH DR. MORSE.

With Notes

BY GEORGE DEXTER.

CAMBRIDGE:
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1882.

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Massachusetts Historical Society.*

JOURNAL.

AT the stated meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, held in Boston, Oct. 12, 1882, Mr. GEORGE DEXTER communicated from the Belknap manuscripts, given to the Society in 1858 by Miss Elizabeth Belknap, a journal kept by the Rev. Dr. Jeremy Belknap during a visit which he made in the early summer of 1796, in company with the Rev. Dr. Morse to the Oneida Indians, with the following introductory remarks:—

The occasion of the visit of Dr. Belknap and Dr. Morse to these New York Indians was this:—

In 1710 a society was formed in Scotland for propagating Christian knowledge, and later, by an act of the fourth year of George I., its scope was enlarged and extended to the American colonies. This society was interested in the conversion of the Indians, and, to further its objects in this country, had what were called Boards of Correspondents in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and perhaps in other colonies. The Rev. Samuel Kirkland, the well-known missionary to the Oneidas, commissioned first by the Connecticut board in 1766, had transferred himself to the jurisdiction of the board in Boston in 1770, owing to some disagreement with Dr. Eleazer Wheelock, whose pupil he had been. The Rev. John Sergeant was also partly supported by the society in the mission established at New Stockbridge. Mr. Kirkland's labors in the cause of Indian civilization and education, and his devotion to it, are matters of history. A memoir of him by our associate, the Rev. Dr. Lothrop, was included by President Sparks in his "Library of American Biography." About the end of

the year 1792 an unfortunate accident injured Mr. Kirkland's eyesight, and his general health became so much affected that he was obliged to return to the East for medical treatment. This opportunity he used for forwarding his plan for Indian education, one result of which was the foundation, in 1793, of the Hamilton Oneida Academy, now Hamilton College. In January, 1794, a communication, signed by eleven chiefs, "in behalf of the nation," was sent to the Boston board, charging Mr. Kirkland with want of interest in his mission and asking his removal. After some conference and correspondence, a committee was appointed to visit this mission and that at New Stockbridge, and report generally on the condition of affairs. Dr. Belknap and Dr. Morse constituted this committee. They left Boston, June 9, and Dr. Belknap reached home, July 6. Dr. Morse parted company with him at Albany on the return journey, and made a visit to New York.

It appears also that, previous to the communication of the Indian chiefs, a letter had been written to one of the directors of the parent society in Scotland (and read to the board there) by a clergyman at Albany, the Rev. John McDonald. Mr. McDonald had made a visit to the Indian settlements, and appeared to be shocked by what he saw there. He reported the complete failure of the attempts to Christianize the savages. Of the Oneidas and Mohegans he said: "They are deplorably ignorant. We have effectually conveyed our vices, but not the gospel, to them." Of the Senecas and other tribes: "All that the most learned Seneca knows of Christianity is that, when angry or drunk, he can blaspheme the name of God and the Saviour of Christians. The Tuscaroras have obtained a few silver crosses from the French Canadians, but both are ignorant of its meaning." This letter was communicated to the Board of Correspondents in Boston by Dr. Kemp, the Secretary of the Scotland society, in February, 1794. A second letter, dated October, 1795, shows that the plan of sending a committee to visit the missions originated with the Massachusetts board, and was approved by the parent society, who suggested certain queries to be answered by the missionaries and others.

Dr. Belknap and Dr. Morse were appointed May 26, 1796, and we find among the "Belknap Papers" the official notification of their selection, signed by Oliver Wendell, President, and Peter Thacher, Secretary. It contains sixteen questions to which answers are to be obtained. To these the committee added eight more.

A memorandum-book, begun by Dr. Belknap evidently in preparation for the duty assigned him, is worthy of notice. It contains copies of the letters of Dr. Kemp above mentioned, and many items of value, with extracts from books, and manuscript accounts, including copious notes from General Lincoln's journal of the visit he had made, as commissioner to make a treaty with the Indians northwest of the Ohio, in 1793. This journal was afterward published by the Society in 1836, as part of their Collections (3d ser. vol. v. pp. 107-176). The memorandum-book contains also names of towns on the road to the missions, and their distances from each other; statistics about the Indians; particulars of the foundation of Hamilton Oneida Academy; and the grant of lands made by the State of New York to Mr. Kirkland and his sons. Here is also the result of a conference which Dr. Belknap had with General Schuyler during his stay at Albany. That officer thought there was little or no prospect of civilization among the Oneidas. Here are notes taken at some of the conferences held at Oneida and New Stockbridge, which the committee doubtless used in the preparation of their report, and extracts from the journal kept by the Rev. Mr. Sergeant; besides sundry matters relating to the general subject, entered after Dr. Belknap's return to Boston. A strict account of the expenses of the committee was kept by Dr. Belknap. It appears from this that he received \$50 from Judge Wendell, \$50 from Deacon Storer, and \$126 from Deacon Mason; that the actual expenses of both gentlemen on the journey to Oneida and return were \$113.93; their preparatory expenses \$8; that Mr. James Dean was paid \$15 for services as interpreter, three and a half days; that the supply of the two pulpits during the pastors' absence, four Sundays, cost \$48; that \$1.50 was paid for "Dr. Deane's husbandry, as a present to Captain Hendrick,"* and \$2.50 for De Witt's map of New York. Dr. Morse spent \$16 additional from Albany to Boston by way of New York.

The report of the committee was printed in this Society's Collections (1st ser. vol. v. pp. 12-32), in 1798. Mr. Kirkland's state of health was such that, as will be seen by this journal, he could give the committee little assistance in their investigations. The complaint against him is not alluded to in the printed report, nor in the manuscript copy

* In another copy of the cash account, written on a separate paper and pasted into the book, this item is erased. Dr. Deane's *husbandry* was perhaps "The New England Farmer," by the Rev. Samuel Deane, of Portland, the first edition of which was published at Worcester in 1790.

among the "Belknap Papers." He prepared as soon as possible a vindication of himself, and the Board of Correspondents voted unanimously, Aug. 25, 1796, "that the complaints exhibited against Mr. Kirkland are not supported, and they are dismissed accordingly." But the society in Scotland saw fit to dissolve their connection with him, and notified the board in Boston to that effect. Mr. Kirkland applied to be reappointed the Society's missionary some years afterward, but without success.* He died, after a short illness, Feb. 28, 1808.

The journal now printed was kept, day by day, by Dr. Belknap during the tedious journeys to and from the Oneida country and his stay there. It contains naturally many things about the Indians which were incorporated into the committee's report, and that report should perhaps be read in connection with this diary. But it contains also a vivid picture of the means of travel nearly a century ago and the condition of the country. Dr. Belknap was an acute observer of men and manners, and a student of nature. He did not entertain a sanguine expectation of the success of the attempts to civilize the Indians, and his biographer states that he severed his connection with the society not long after his return to Boston.

Thursday, June 9, 1796. I set out from Boston in the stage at five in the morning, and rode to Brookfield, in the county of Worcester. The weather was warm and dry and the wind south, which made it very dusty riding. Company in the stage very entertaining and instructive: Dr. Shepard, of Northampton, Captain Park Holland, of Belchertown, and Mr. Biglow, of Petersham, all members of the General Court, returning home.

Captain Holland has been a surveyor of Eastern lands, and is well acquainted with the country and tribe of Penobscot. He says the Indians there amount to three hundred and twenty in number. He has an exact list of the names of each family, and they average at four and a half to a family. They are careful lest they should diminish in number, as other tribes; to prevent which they have encouraged early marriages, and have made it a strict regulation that the squaws shall drink no rum till they are past child-bearing. They are frequently obliged to delay marriage a long time for want of a priest, and in some instances travel as far as Quebec to be married; yet there are scarcely any instances of incontinence, and no illegitimate children. As they have been for above a century converted to the popish religion, they are much attached to its ceremonies. They have a church at one of their towns, in which is a vessel of holy water. The church is kept shut, except when any priest comes among them;

* See on this matter Dr. Lothrop's "Life," pp. 347-362.

but there is a hole through which a person can put his hand and dip it in the water. He was once passing the river by this church in company with an Indian, who insisted on going ashore that he might cross himself with the holy water, and then re-embarked and proceeded on the voyage. They are strict observers of the Sabbath, and will not travel by land or water on that day but in cases of necessity.

Friday, June 10. Rode to Northampton, weather cloudy and sultry. P.M., passed through two thunder-showers under Mount Holyoke. It is pleasing to see the fields and meadows and trees in the most luxuriant growth, promising fine crops of grass, grain, and fruit, the roads mended or mending, and good improvements in the mode of making roads. At several places we found aqueducts. The water is brought in pipes from springs in the hills and fields to the roadside, and there conducted to troughs or tubs for watering cattle. At one place there was a tube and reservoir which went to the top of a house, and must be serviceable in case of fire. This was Quintin's inn at Ware.*

It is also very agreeable to observe the number of new meeting-houses and schoolhouses, as well as dwelling-houses, along the road, and the show of elegance in ornament and painting which appears in them. We passed through Hadley in the rain, within half a mile of the house of Mr. Russell, the first minister, where Whalley and Goffe, the regicides of Charles I., were concealed. [We] were informed by one innholder that the house was taken down last year, and that in the cellar was discovered a vault curiously built and covered with stone. Mr. Williams, of Northampton, thinks that only part of the house is taken down; and that the stone vault, being under the other part which is still standing, was not opened. He has promised to make further inquiry.† At Northampton water is brought into the town by an aqueduct of above a mile in length. The work was performed by a Mr. Prescott of that place. Connecticut River here is eighty rods wide at this season, the intervals two miles wide.

Saturday, June 11. Rode over the mountains of Hampshire and Berkshire forty miles to Pittsfield. Weather misty and rainy; clouds resting on the summits of the mountains, and frequently falling in showers. Roads naturally very bad, but by labor are made passable, though with difficulty. The carriage broke down twice; but no great damage, except a little detention and working in the rain to repair it.

Passed Westfield River, in the township of Chesterfield. It is rapid and lined with curious rocks, some of which stand in the middle; they are formed in perpendicular laminæ. In a quarry at some distance west of the river, which is now opened and near the road, we saw very curious cuttings and splittings of this rock. It will bear

* This sentence and a few others occasionally through the diary are written in ink of a darker color, and may perhaps have been added at a later time, when Dr. Belknap had returned home. We do not think it necessary to distinguish them in printing.

† See Stiles's "History of the Judges"; and Judd's "History of Hadley," chap. xix.

the hammer and stand the fire. It is formed into hearths and jams, underpinning and door-stones. We measured two of the longest, which resembled two sticks of timber. They were twenty-seven feet in length and about ten inches in the square. This rock is of a dark gray color, and the gravel made by its fragments is very good for roads and walks. One man told us it was also good manure for corn, and that he has frequently put a shovel full of it into hills of corn instead of dung.

June 12. Kept Sabbath at Pittsfield, and preached for Mr. Allen, P.M. He has been settled here thirty-two years. At the time of his settlement and for some years after, the lands hereabouts were the hunting-ground of the Stockbridge Indians, full of deer and other game, which cultivation has gradually destroyed. This town lies on the main branch of Housatonick River, which we crossed four times in approaching it. This river takes its rise in Partridgefield, which is the height of land. Another branch comes from Lanesboro', and joins it below Pittsfield. Then it runs southward about one hundred and forty miles, and falls into Long Island Sound between Stratford and Milford. Pittsfield is a good township of land, well cultivated; the roads in good order; several handsome houses, painted; a new meeting-house, built 1791, well planned and executed, finished and painted with stone color outside and blue inside. The steps are of white marble found in the town. In the churchyard are gravestones of the same, and of a finer marble found in Lanesboro', the same that is used in building the new State House in Boston; also, two or three kinds of freestone. From the steeple is an extensive view of the town and surrounding mountains. Old Hoosuck lies northward, and appeared cloud-capped just before sunset, which indicates more foul weather.

Mr. Van Scoik came to see us, and gave me a letter to Mr. Van Rensselaer, of Albany. One I had before from Judge Wendell. This day was cloudy in the morning, clear in the P.M., and the evening bright moonlight.

We have now travelled from Boston, —

Thursday, to Brookfield	66 miles.
Friday, to Northampton	34 "
Saturday, to Pittsfield	40 "
	<hr/>
	140 miles.

and have not accomplished one half of our intended journey. At Pittsfield is a post-office, in which I deposited a letter to my friend, Dr. Clarke, in Boston.*

From Pittsfield to Albany, 40 miles; from Boston, 180.

* This was the Rev. John Clarke of the First Church, Boston, a friend and colleague in the ministry and the Historical Society. Dr. Belknap wrote a notice of him, published in the Collections, 1st ser. vol. vi. Mrs. Marcou, in her "Life of Dr. Belknap," pp. 234, 235, gives some extracts from Dr. Clarke's replies to Belknap's letters written on this tour.

Monday, June 13. At five in the morning set out in the stage for Albany; a thick fog. As we rose Hancock Mountain, five miles from Pittsfield, we seemed to get above one fog, and another hung on the brow of the mountain above us. There is a fine view from this mountain, but we could not enjoy it by reason of the weather. As we descended the western side we came to New Lebanon in New York State; stopped to visit the springs, which have been so famous. The water issues from the ground on the south side of a hill, bubbling up through the gravelly bottom into a reservoir which is lined with stone. It is warm as new milk, and I discovered nothing in the taste different from common water. It is said to be impregnated with sulphur, and is good in cutaneous, scorbutic, spasmodic, and rheumatic complaints. The neighbors tell of great cures and frequent reliefs experienced by means of this water; particularly of one man who, being unable to stand or walk, was put into the warm pool, and instantly stood upright. On a return of his complaint he was put into another water issuing from the same hill and not thus impregnated, where he would have been drowned if he had not been immediately taken out. He was then plunged into the warm pool, and instantly recovered the use of his limbs.

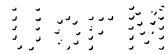
Here is a convenient bathing-house, accommodated with steps, seats, and a rope by which persons may hold themselves up in the water. It is about two or three feet deep. There are several boarding-houses about the spring, and a considerable resort of people from all parts. The spring has been in reputation about thirty years.

When the sun was about three hours high the vapors ascended from the surrounding hills and rose into clouds, leaving a bright sun to enliven creation, and an immense dew on the grass.

Here are two villages of Shakers, who carry on manufactures of various kinds, and have two places of worship, one on each side of a hill. Some time since the magistracy of the town went and opened the doors of the manufactory house, and gave liberty to any of them to withdraw from their confinement. Twenty-five immediately quitted them, some of whom showed scars and other marks of abuse which they had received from the leaders, whom they have since prosecuted and recovered damages. This story was told us at New Lebanon; but Van Schaik says it is not true.*

After breakfast we rode through the townships of New Lebanon and Stephen-town. Here were vast quantities of pine timber. Many of the trees are killed by girdling and by fire, and are still standing. The land is well cultivated and productive, the season very promising. A brook which rises in New Lebanon passes through Stephen Town, and swells into a considerable stream falling into Hudson's River at Kenderhook. Several saw-mills on this stream; mill logs not more than sixteen feet long; many shingles and clapboards made at various places. Esquire Scamerhorn owns these mills and the land about them, and keeps a pretty good inn.

* President Dwight, who visited New Lebanon in 1799, and again subsequently, tells much worse stories about the Shakers. Dwight's "Travels," London ed., vol. iii. 137-158.



Passing over a mountain in Stephen Town, we had a grand and extensive view of the surrounding country. The Kaats-kill Mountains bounded the prospect westward. These lie beyond the Hudson, and appear very majestic. A man who was at work in his field near the road told us that from a neighboring summit might be seen the water of Hudson's River and the city of Albany, distant about twenty miles.

The lands through which we passed this day are well cultivated; fields of rye, wheat, flax, and clover, good young orchards. Some houses built in the Dutch style, and several thatched barns and out-houses. On the signboards of some houses was written "Cake and Beer." About 5 P.M. crossed the ferry, and landed at the southern part of the city of Albany. Put up at Trowbridge's Inn. Met Lieutenant-Governor Van Rensselaer in the street, to whom I delivered my letters, and he kindly invited me to make his house my lodgings, which I accepted. Dr. Morse was invited to lodge at the house of Mr. Elkanah Watson.

Tuesday, June 14. Received a packet of letters from Governor Jay, which will introduce us to the acquaintance of gentlemen here and at other places on our route, and open to us every source of information respecting the business of our mission. I delivered one of these letters to the Lieutenant-Governor and another to General Schuyler. This day dined at the Lieutenant-Governor's in company with General Schuyler, General Ten Broeck, Judge Sturgis, of Fairfield, Dr. Morse, Mr. Ellison, the Episcopal clergyman of this place, and several other gentlemen. Visited Mr. Elkanah Watson, formerly of Plymouth, and Mr. Elisha Kane, merchant here. Part of our dinner this day was a fine dish of green peas, which Governor Van Rensselaer's gardener is ambitious of raising so as to have them by King George III.'s birthday [June 4], he being an Englishman. We had also a fine dessert of strawberries of the wild kind, which are sold here for one shilling per *pound* York money. Mr. Rensselaer was educated at Harvard College, and graduated in 1782. Mr. Bentley, of Salem, was his tutor, and William D. Peck his classmate. General Schuyler is a self-taught genius, a complete mathematician, of great penetration and sagacity; has a thorough acquaintance with the Indians, and is now going to Fort Stanwix to superintend the canal which is cutting from thence to unite the waters of the Mohawk River with those of Wood Creek, which empties into the Oneida Lake and communicates by another river with Lake Ontario, His age is sixty-two, consequently born 1734.*

This day arrived the first division of the Federal troops, consisting of one hundred from West Point, who are going to take possession of the British posts of Oswego and Niagara. They immediately encamped on Pinxter-Hill west of the city, with their artillery in front. They are under the command of Captain Bruff.†

* General Schuyler was born Nov. 22, 1733.

† Pinkster Hill is the eminence where the State capitol was afterward built. It was the scene of the negro carnival, or "Pinkster Jubilee," which

I shall omit a particular description of Albany till my return from the Indian country, but cannot help remarking one very shocking sight which fell under my observation this day. I had been on the turret of the prison, which stands in an elevated situation, to take a view of the city, the river, and the surrounding country, which indeed was a very fine prospect. On passing through the prison yard I saw several coffins with human bones, open, partly above ground, and some bones scattered about the yard. These are said to be the coffins and bones of soldiers who died here in the wars of 1756, when a fort stood on this spot, the remains of some part of which are still visible. I inquired why this shocking spectacle was allowed, and was told it was owing to the negligence of the sheriff, whose business it was to have them covered. The hill has been dug away to make a situation for the prison, by which means the coffins were exposed.

Old Fort Orange, built by the Dutch, was situate at the shore of the river near the ferry, on the spot where De Witt's house is built.

Wednesday, June 15. Rode in company with the Lieutenant-Governor and Dr. Morse to the great fall called Cohoes, in Mohawk River. Its appearance from the bridge, about a mile below, is majestic, but more so from an eminence near it on the south side. The extent of the fall is about one thousand feet, if measured by the breadth of the river; but there is a very large projecting rock between the centre and the north shore, which makes the real extent greater. The perpendicular height is said to be sixty feet, and I believe this is not far from the truth. The rock over which the water flows is of the same kind with that which lines each shore,—a black, shelly rock, soft, and easily broken with any kind of instrument; but where the water runs over it is polished very smooth. At the foot of the fall the water was shallow, and several persons were fishing. We bought of them several very fine pike, which we carried to Lansingburg, and they were boiled for our dinner. These are the first of the kind which I ever tasted, and were very delicate eating. We came down again and crossed the bridge, which is eleven hundred feet long, built on sixteen stone piers. The ascent on the north side from the bridge is very steep, cut through the rock. It was at first thought impracticable to make a road here; but by experiment and perseverance they found it practicable, and even *ploughed* through the rock.

Passed through Waterford, a village at one of the sprouts of the Mohawk, in the township of Halfmoon; then crossed the Hudson to Lansingburg, and there dined. P.M., rode to Troy on a level road, ascended the high land to obtain a good prospect of the river, but

began every year, while slavery existed in the State, on Whitmonday, and lasted a week. The excesses committed at it occasioned the passage of an ordinance forbidding many of its features, by the City Council in 1811, and the anniversary fell into disuse. There is an account of the festival by Dr. James Fights, in Munsell's "Collections on the History of Albany," vol. ii. pp. 323-327.

Captain James Bruff had been an officer in the Revolutionary army. He was promoted major in 1803, and resigned in 1807. See Gardner's "Dictionary of Officers of the United States Army."

could not gain the spot where we were told was the best view; the land had been newly fenced and the roads altered. Came down again, crossed the Hudson at Troy, and returned to the Lieutenant-Governor's seat. By the way saw a seine drawn on the bank of the river, and a sturgeon caught of seven feet in length. They cut his tail, and he bled to death in a few minutes. Evening visited General Schuyler, who proposed to carry me to Skenectada to-morrow. The country through which we passed this day is well cultivated, chiefly the intervale lands of the Hudson and Mohawk Rivers; large fields of wheat and rye.

High-water at Albany at the same time as at Sandy Hook. The flood is just one hour later at the end of every ten miles up the river. At the end of sixty miles it is high-water in the river at the same time that it is low-water at the city of New York.

The climate of Albany is between the influence of the easterly Atlantic winds and the vapors of the great lakes. The wind is for the most part either north or south, following the course of the river.

Thursday morning, June 16. Rode with General Schuyler in his own carriage to Schenectada, — a town on the banks of the Mohawk, sixteen miles from Albany. The road chiefly pitch-pine land and deep sand. Some farms on the summit land. Dr. Morse went in a private carriage with Mr. Watson to see the glassworks, and came to Schenectada four or five hours after me. I got there at twelve o'clock, and went to see General Schuyler's new boat, in which he invited us to go up the Mohawk with him. He is going to Fort Stanwix to oversee the cutting of a canal from thence to Wood Creek. The boat was then painting, and the weather damp and wet. Before dinner it began to rain, and continued to rain all the P.M. and half the night, which deprived me of the pleasure of seeing this place as much as I intended.

The inhabitants were originally Dutch, as were those of Albany. Their descendants retain their language and manners, especially their fondness for smoking tobacco. General Schuyler carries his pipe, and smokes in his carriage and about the street.

The streets are regular; I think three in number. There are three places of worship, and a college called Union College. Dr. John Smith, brother to Samuel Stanhope Smith, of New Jersey College, is the president. A fine body of meadow adjacent to the town.

In the late war the Oneidas retreated to this place and encamped on the high land above the town, where they remained till the war was over, and then returned to their own country.

In the evening we determined to go in the stage, hoping to come down the river with the general at his return.

Friday, June 17. At five o'clock crossed the Mohawk River at Schenectada in the stage. Foggy, damp, unpleasant weather; roads wet and miry. Sometimes the mist would thicken to a shower, and sometimes be seen hovering on the summits of the hills. Before noon the weather grew clear and hot.

This A.M. we passed by "Guy Park," the seat of Guy Johnson,

who married a daughter of Sir William, and succeeded him in the office of superintendent of the Indians, before the late war. It is a tract of one mile square on the north side of the river, — a large, well-finished stone house, which was much damaged and abused during the war. The whole estate now belongs to a Mr. Miles from Connecticut, who keeps an inn. He bought it for £950 New York money, — a mere trifle.

Passed by the first seat of the late Sir William Johnson, consisting of one large stone house and two stone stores and a stone barn, a good garden and orchard. Here Sir William first kept a trading-house and got his estate. He afterward removed further up the river, and four miles from the river, where he built an elegant seat, and lived in the latter part of his life in a very genteel style, and very hospitably, keeping a number of young Indian women about him in quality of concubines, and offering them in that respect to gentlemen who happened to lodge at his house. Many of his children and their descendants are now mixed with the other Indians, and are proud of reckoning their descent from him. The story of Hendrick's dream and Sir William's counter dream is generally believed to be true.*

This day we dined at a house (Putnam's) just opposite the mouth of Skoharie Creek, and, walking into the field as far as the brow of the hill, had a very fine view of the river, the creek, the church on Skoharie, and the site of Fort Hunter, which was built not far from one of the old Mohawk castles. Here was an Episcopal mission established in the reign of Queen Ann, and kept up till the beginning of the late revolution; a set of books and service of plate in the church.

P.M. Rode through a tract of land called Cagnawagha, part of the way on the intervalle; passed a Dutch church; stopped at Conolly's, on the intervalle, under a very steep, rocky hill, which is said to be a nest for rattlesnakes and hawks, and the people on the opposite side call it "Conolly's Rookery." This man came from the county of Down, in Ireland, and this plantation was given him by his brother. He has lived here about ten years. Passed by a projection of the rocky mountain, which is called "Anthony's Nose."† Here the road is very narrow between the rock and the river, and goes partly over a wharf built with timber. The water here is said to be very deep. The rock rises in an angle of forty-five degrees. In the side of this mountain is a cavern fourteen by twelve feet square. The stage stopped, and some

* The Indian chief dreamed that Johnson would present him with a scarlet uniform similar to one the agent had just received from England. This Johnson did. But in due time he summoned the chief, and told him that he too had dreamed a dream, in which the Indian gave him a tract of land. Hendrick is reported to have made the gift, with the remark that the white man "dreamed too hard for the Indian."

† "'Anthony's Nose' seems to have been a favorite name with the former inhabitants of this State for mountains distinguished by bold precipices. There is a mountain of this name on the Hudson, forming the southern limit of the high lands on that river; two more on the Mohawk, and a fourth on this lake [George]." Dwight's "Travels," London ed. vol. iii. p. 340 n.

of the company went up to it. It is said there is another deeper cavity, which they could not find. One of the finest springs runs out of this mountain, a little westward of the "Nose," affording plenty of water to the thirsty traveller. On the opposite side, the mountain approaches the river, and the road is equally narrow as on the north side.

The next tract is called Canajohara, from a creek which comes in on the south side, above the "Nose," and extends several miles. About five o'clock we crossed the river to the south, and rode under the mountain through a miry road, then on the intervale, then on the upland again, till we came to Ruff's, a dirty, noisy Dutch tavern, where we were obliged to lodge.

The lands through which we passed this day are all highly cultivated, and loaded with a luxuriant growth of wheat, rye, oats, and peas. Hops grow wild along the margin of the river and run over the bushes. There is a fruit called mandrake, very plenty in all this tract and above. It grows on a stalk from twelve to fifteen inches high, under a canopy of leaves. It has a fine smell, and some people are fond of it. Gooseberries and black currants are also very numerous. Some of the gooseberries are half ripe and have prickles on the fruit.

We were eleven in number in the stage this day, and very closely stowed, — four segars smoking great part of the time.

At Skenectada met with Hugh White, Esq., from whom Whites-town took its name, and had his company all this and the next day up to Whitestown. He removed from Middletown, in Connecticut, about ten or twelve years ago, bought a large tract of land, and is now a kind of patriarch, having seen the lands advance from a rude wilderness to a well-cultivated and productive country.

Vast quantities of limestone all along the Mohawk River. The stone lies in horizontal laminæ in the quarry, and is easily taken out in any shape or size. The churches and some of the houses are built with it.

Saturday, June 18. Set out early in a *lesser* carriage with the same number as yesterday, except one: very much crowded, but we accommodated each other as well as we could. Breakfasted at Hudson's, at the mouth of East Canada creek, — a good tavern, seated on the same ground where Hendrick lived, the Mohawk sachem who was killed in Johnson's battle, 1755, near Lake George.

It is a beautiful eminence, commanding a pleasant prospect, and here are many apple-trees of at least fifty years old, called Hendrick's orchard. We had some of the cider, and it was excellent. Here was a fort, built by British troops in 1756, called "Fort Hendrick," the rampart, ditch, and glacis of which are visible; and here was found, about four years ago, a golden medal, which it is supposed was the property of some Indian chief. It was worth about seven dollars; had an Indian on one side and emblematic figure on the other. It was sold at Albany to a Mr. Lansing. This place I take to have been the lower Mohawk castle, as marked on Holland's map of New York, though I believe that near Fort Hunter was called the lower castle seventy or eighty years ago.

Before noon we passed by a church and a village which I suppose to have been the upper Mohawk castle marked in said map. This was the residence of Joseph Brandt before the war. There are several graves round the church, enclosed with square cases of wood, like pig-styes. Abundance of apple-trees, and many of a large size. Passed over the Fall mountain, a very fine tract of upland. Dined at a good house, Aldridge's, near Fort Herkemer, on the edge of German Flats. Fort Herkemer was a stone house surrounded with ramparts of earth, which are still visible. General Herkemer was killed during the late war, going to the relief of Fort Stanwix when besieged, 1777.

German Flats have been settled by the high Dutch about seventy years. They have been three times broken up by war. The land is excellent, both on the meadows and hills; very extensive fields of wheat, rye, oats, flax, and peas, but all overrun with charlock, so that they look like fields of mustard, and, being now in bloom, are all yellow. The Germans are not so good husbandmen as the Yankees.

Soon after leaving German Flats the road leaves the river, which we crossed to the north on a bridge. Just on the upper part of the Flats is a church and court-house, in Herkemer County. The county through which we have hitherto passed is Montgomery; both named after general officers belonging to this State, who lost their lives in defence of their country. Passed through thick woods; bad road, but good land, — beech, maple, walnut, and oilnut growth. After sunset, crossed the river to the south on a bridge to old Fort Schuyler, in the lower part of Whites Town.

Here the public stage ends. The house being full of people, and very noisy (there having been a muster of light horse this P.M.), we hired a wagon and proceeded four miles by moonlight to Colonel White's tavern at Whites-borough, where we arrived at half-past ten, much fatigued.

Lord's Day, June 19. Attended public worship, and heard Mr. Dodd preach all day. I had a letter to Mr. Jonas Plat, who kindly invited me to put up at his house, where I now am.

Monday, June 20. Preparing to go on horseback to the Indian settlements. This morning Captain Thomas, of Plymouth, came to see me, on his way to the military lands, and informed me of the death of Mr. Gorham, of Charlestown, two days after we left Boston.* In this place is a post-office and printing-office, several very good houses, a wide and level road; and, though it has been inhabited but about ten years, Whitestown contains six parishes, three regiments of militia, and one troop of light horse. The road runs northwest and southeast. This place is situated southeast from Lake Ontario. A northwest wind brings the vapors from that and Lake Erie, and is generally a sign of foul weather. The climate is milder here, both in winter and

* Hon. Nathaniel Gorham, a prominent citizen, judge of the Common Pleas, and delegate to the Continental Congress, and to the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. With Oliver Phelps he bought, in 1788, a large tract of land in the Genesee country, known as "Phelps and Gorham's Purchase."

summer, than in the same parallel to the eastward, and vegetation is more forward in the spring. The great lakes never freeze, and the country about them is warmed by the vapor of them in the winter; so far from the truth is the notion that the great lakes are the cause of our intensely cold northwest winds.

I am now in a region greatly elevated above the level of the ocean. Within twelve miles south of this place is a ridge of hills, not very high, from the south side of which the streams run into the Susquehanna, and twelve miles northwest from hence the streams run into Lake Ontario. The waters here discharge into the Mohawk, which is one mile distant to the north. This region enjoys settled weather more than Albany,—evenings and mornings cool, though the middle of the day be hot.

Distances :—from Boston to Albany	180 miles.
to Skenectada	16 „
to Canajohara	40 „
to old Fort Schuyler	42 „
to Whitesborough	4 „

282 miles.

to Paris (Clinton settle ^t)	7 „
to Mr. Kirkland's	1 „
to New Stockbridge	12 „
to Oneida village	6 „

The extent of our journey . . . 308 miles.

Rode in the stage, going and returning	564 „
Rode on horseback, going and returning	52 „

616 miles.*

The beginning of this present month, June 8, 1796, an event happened at Oneida which strongly marks the little progress made by civilization or Christianity among that people. Two young married squaws had a quarrel, which was taken up by their husbands, and a scuffle ensued. They parted for that time. They had some rum to drink. One, Cornelius, went and got a gun; came and challenged his antagonist, Jacob, who stood and dared him to fire. The other shot him dead on the spot. The father of the dead (Jacob) acquainted the nearest friend of the murderer with the fact, and told him that he must revenge the death of his son. They went to the hut where he lay covered with a blanket. The father of the dead fired his gun and wounded the murderer, then stabbed him and left him to die. The wounded man recovered in the night, and his friends prepared to defend him from further injury. The father of the dead, hearing this, took witnesses, and despatched the murderer in their presence with a tomahawk. This, it is supposed, will be a final settlement

* Of course part of this table of distances was added at a later day.

of the affair, it being according to the Indian custom.* The lawyers are divided on the question whether the laws of the State extend to quarrels between the Indians themselves. If an Indian hurts or kills a white man, he is punishable by the laws of the State; and if an Indian complains of an Indian to a white magistrate, the law takes cognizance; but in this case there is no complaint, and probably there will be no inquiry.

Murders of this kind are agreeable to the Indian principles, though of late they have been rarely practised among the Oneidas. Another instance is mentioned to this purpose: The famous Joseph Brandt (by birth a Mohawk, but now an officer in the British service, resident on Grand Rivière, which falls into Lake Erie on the north side) killed his own son last summer, 1795. The son was an unruly fellow and threatened to kill his father. The father, to prevent his own death, clave the head of his son into four parts with a dirk which he always carried about him. Having thus acted the Indian, he recollected his connection with the British, resigned his commission, and delivered up himself to justice. A message was sent to Lord Dorchester, who returned answer that Brandt should keep his commission, and not be prosecuted for the murder.† This account I had from Mr. Caulking, at Mr. Plat's, June 20. He also gave the same account of the murder at Oneida which I had before heard from Mr. Plat. It is said that Brandt has not since worn his dirk, and that he appears very grave and sober. This Brandt was one of Dr. Wheelock's scholars; can assume the Indian or English manners, as best suits his conveniency, and keep up his influence with both.

Account of the death of General Herkemer, 1777. From Mr. Plat.

When St. Leger was besieging Fort Stanwix, a message was sent from the fort to inform Herkemer of their dangerous situation. He was an honest, resolute, ignorant German, at German Flats. He gathered the militia on the river, and marched with them to the relief of the garrison in a careless manner, without guards or scouts, till he came within six miles. A party of the enemy had discovered his

* There are some corrections and interlineations made in this account, which perhaps represents the story as Dr. Belknap heard it at Whitestown. In a footnote to their report the committee give the particulars, which do not exactly agree with this account, taken from Mr. Sergeant's Journal, 1 Coll. vol. v. p. 18 n. A cutting from the "Mercury" of Sept. 20, 1796, is pasted into the end of Dr. Belknap's diary. From it we learn that another murder occurred in Oneida on August 17, the victim being a white man, supposed to be named Henry Grafts, from Long Island, on his way to the military lands. Judge White issued a warrant for the murderer, Saucy Nick, and the chiefs surrendered him. To the account Dr. Belknap writes these notes: "Nick demanded money of the man, which he refused giving him, this was the provocation"; and "It is said that some of the Indians have threatened that if this murderer should be put to death by the justice of the State, they will kill the first white man that shall come into their village. It is high time that these Indians should be made subject to the laws of the State; this must be done if they are to be considered as citizens; if they will still be savages they must retire deeper into the forest."

† Compare Stone's "Life of Joseph Brandt," vol. ii. pp. 465, 466.

march, watched him, and laid an ambush into which he fell. The enemy suffered them to pass till the van was enclosed; then they fired. The rear, who were low Dutch from Schenectada, &c., immediately retreated. The van and front kept up an irregular fire. Herkemer was wounded in the leg, but, being placed on a stump, gave his orders as well as he could. A thunder-shower interrupted the battle, and every man lay on his arms to keep them dry; being then very near each other. After the shower they resumed the contest; the militia with bayonets and the Indians with knives. When night approached, both quitted the ground. Herkemer was carried home, lived three days, and died in his own house.

An Indian who had been sent by the besiegers as a spy was taken by our people and carried to General Arnold, who commanded at Schenectada or Albany. He was promised his life and a large reward if he would return to the fort and tell the besiegers that Arnold was coming with a large force to raise the siege. He performed his errand with fidelity, and the British decamped. The fellow has received no reward, but is now making attempts to petition the State of New York for the performance of Arnold's promise. His name is . . . * His character worthless, but has a family.

This afternoon I received a letter from Mr. George W. Kirkland, informing that his father was very ill, and that he would be here to-morrow morning to escort us to Paris.

N.B. During Herkemer's battle, Starring, a German officer, lost his pipe out of his button-hole as he was crawling over a log. As soon as he missed it he went back through a shower of bullets and searched till he found it. This man is now first judge of Herkimer County. The story was told me by Judge White, who had it from his own mouth.

Tuesday, June 21. Having with some difficulty procured horses at Whites Town, we waited till after nine in the morning for Mr. G. W. K., but he not having arrived we set off before ten on horseback for Paris, distant seven miles. On the road met him, and he carried us to his house and gave us a very good dinner. Captain Thomas and Mr. Dana, who are on their way to the military towns [lands?], came in afterward and dined with us. Mr. Norton, minister of Paris, and Mr. Deane, for whom we sent to Westmoreland, also came after dinner. † The weather very hot. Toward evening a thunder-shower in the east; some drops here.

* Dr. Belknap did not fill the space he had left for the name. This story is told of one Hanyost Schuyler, who was, however, a white man, but one well acquainted with Indians. He is said, too, to have had an Indian comrade in the adventure. See Dwight's "Travels," vol. iii. pp. 183-185, and Benton's "History of Herkimer County," pp. 82, 83.

† The Rev. Mr. Norton was one of the persons who gave written answers to the queries brought out by the committee. He had been recommended as a suitable person to be asked. Mr. Dean was another, and the replies of both gentlemen are preserved among the Belknap manuscripts. The following are the terms in which Mr. Dean is recommended in a paper marked "J. T. Kirkland's observations": "Mr. James Deane, who lives at Westmoreland, four

P.M. Visited Rev. Mr. Kirkland. Found him very weak, both in body and mind. His disorder is an ulcerated jaw, which causes a constant discharge into his throat and stomach, and produces nausea and frequent faintings. His pain has been extreme, and extends up to his eye on the right side. He has taken many anodynes, which have weakened his nerves. We were very kindly entertained at his house. He has a large, handsome new house, nearly finished, into which he proposes to move in a few days; thirty acres of wheat growing, besides corn and grass; and thirty head of cattle. Hamilton Academy is nothing more than a frame, partly covered. The work has ceased and no school is kept. The trustees are to hold a meeting in a few days.

At Whites Town, this morning, we met with a Quaker from Philadelphia, who with two others are deputed by the Society of Friends to reside among the Oneida Indians, to teach them arts and agriculture, and endeavor to bring them into a state of civil and religious society. They have made them one visit, and are going thither again. Mr. Deane returned home, four miles, in the evening, promising to meet us again to-morrow morning, and go with us to Stockbridge to visit Rev. Mr. Sergeant.

Lodged at Umpstead's tavern. Here is a large meeting-house framing, and will probably be raised in about three weeks. The country here has rapidly populated within eleven years past, when there were but two families in Whites Town.

Wednesday, June 22. Visited Rev. Mr. Kirkland again. Found him faint and weak, but rather better than yesterday P.M. He gave us some information relative to the state of his mission. Took some refreshment, and waited until after eleven A.M. before all preparations could be made for our going to New Stockbridge and Oneida. Rode through twelve miles of woods; very fine land, but excessively bad road. In this route the first runs of water fall into the Mohawk; the latter into the Oneida Lake, and so into Ontario. The growth was sugar-maple, beech, elm, walnut, and oilnut, — the trees very tall and straight; in the latter part much eaten by caterpillars. When this is the case with the maple, no sugar can be made from it the next season. Last season very little, because the caterpillars devoured them last summer. This has not been known since the English settled here, but the Indians remember it before. A great body of plaster has been discovered in the Onondago country about two years ago. (Mr. Norton

miles this side of Oneida, is a man of education, sense, and independent way of thinking; has spent many years among the Indians; is personally acquainted with the principal Oneidas. He will probably give information with freedom. In estimating his opinions, some allowance must be made for the influence of that *disgust* which he appears to have taken against the aborigines. If Mr. Deane will be interpreter, he will be accurate and faithful, or, if he cannot act himself, he will tell of a good one." Mr. Dean did serve as interpreter. He was a graduate of Dartmouth in the class of 1773. There is a notice of him in Chapman's "Sketches of the Alumni of Dartmouth College"; and a more extended one in Tracy's "Men and Events connected with the Early History of Oneida County." See also Pomroy Jones's "Annals of Oneida County," pp. 744-759.

doubts of this discovery.*) From a hill at old Oneida saw at a distance the Oneida Lake. About three P.M. came to two or three Indian huts, where some Oneidas live. Saw an Indian cradle, mortar and pestles, &c. Good orchard and a cider press. At this place the murder was committed, June 8. On our descent to Oneida Creek we met Captain Hendrick Aupaumut driving his ox-team. Invited him to meet us at Mr. Sergeant's this P.M. with his friends. Got to Mr. S.'s at half-past four.

The village of New Stockbridge is about three miles in length on the southwest side of the upper part of Oneida Creek. The fences are in good order, and the corn and grass look well. The Indians, about three hundred in number, have a meeting-house in which a school is kept, partly at the expense of the United States and partly of the Corporation of Harvard College. Mr. John Sergeant is here established as missionary, and supported partly by Scots Society, partly by Corporation of Harvard College, and partly by Society in Massachusetts for Propagating the Gospel. There is a saw-mill erected here last fall by the United States, and some work has been done; but the dam is broken by the freshet. Toward evening had a conference with Captain Hendrick and nine other Indians, when we received their compliments and a belt, and opened to them our business. They promised to meet us again to-morrow morning as early as possible. In the woods near this place deer are to be seen in considerable numbers. Pike and trout in the creek. Pigeons are flying over us every day since we came into this region at Whites Town. Lodged this night at Mr. Sergeant's house.

Thursday, June 23. After breakfast we met the chiefs again in the meeting-house. About thirty men and as many women were present. Some of the women brought their children in Indian cradles. We intended at this meeting to have delivered a sermon; but it was thought best to postpone it till our return from Oneida. The chiefs promised to consider our queries and assist Mr. Sergeant in answering them. They sang two or three tunes very well. Previously to this conference, and apprehending further delay in the business, I had taken Mr. Sergeant by himself, and obtained from him such answers to our queries as he was able to give, which I minuted down from his mouth.† Had I not taken this method, we might have been detained here a week, for we find the Indians very fond of procrastination, and the ministers very fond of humoring them.‡

After dinner, which we took pretty early, set off for Oneida, six miles, through very bad road. We forded the creek several times; passed by the Tuscarora village; viewed a house which our interpreter, Mr. Dean, said was a complete specimen of Indian architecture. It was made of two rows, each consisting of five posts set in the ground, which supported the roof. The beams were fastened by withes to the posts, and the rafters lay on the beams, projecting down-

* These words are a later addition.

† Mr. Sergeant's answers are preserved among Dr. Belknap's papers.

‡ This last clause in ink of a different color.

ward to stakes fastened in the ground, which formed the side of the building, and there fastened with withes. The roof was covered with bark. At each end of the house was a separate apartment; one of which served as an entry, the other as a store-room. In the store-room was a vessel as big as a barrel, and in that shape, made of bark; also another in the form of a bread trough. There was also a mortar and two wooden pestles. In the entry was a pig's trough, and a few other things of little worth. Their corn is hung on poles inside. There were four bunks, or raised platforms, on which they sleep; and two places in the middle where they make the fire, over which were two holes in the roof for the smoke to go out.

We passed by a small village where lives an old man named Silver-smith, aged about eighty. At his door stood the famous stone which gives the nation the name of Oneida, or Oniuda, *the upright stone*. It is about three and a half feet high, irregularly round, in some parts of a white and in others of a gray color. This stone is said by their tradition to *follow* the nation in their removals; but it is impossible it should follow them without being *carried*, and it requires a very strong man to carry it; for it weighs more than a hundred-weight. They used to set up this stone in the crotch of a tree, and then they supposed themselves invincible. John Whitestripes, who speaks good English, told me that there was a young man in the neighborhood who could carry the stone about forty rods at one lift.

We also passed by the shop of an Indian carpenter, and met him in the road with a saw and other tools in his hand. He is a tall, well-shaped young man, and looked very pleasant and good-humored. We arrived at the Oneida Castle—so called, though there is no appearance of a fortification—about three P.M., and went into the house of John Skanandogh, an old chief aged seventy-six.* His house is built in the English, or rather the Dutch style, and warmed in winter by a fire made on one side like the Dutch houses, with an open space all round, and a kind of funnel above to let out the smoke.

The chiefs had notice of our coming, and began to assemble in their meeting-house, which is built of logs and covered with bark. About four o'clock they blew the horn as a signal, and we met them. They were not quite so formal as the chiefs at New Stockbridge, and were willing to enter on business immediately. We held a conference of two hours, and had several examinations, which we minuted in writing. A tin kettle of water and a small tin cup served us for refreshment during the conference.†

* In the printed report this chief is described as one of the best of the nation, although he had little influence.

† The minutes of this conference are preserved in Dr. Belknap's memorandum book. The committee endeavored to find out whether the complaint against Mr. Kirkland sent to Boston was the act of the nation or only of individuals, whether it was instigated by Mr. Sergeant, and whether there were any who objected to sending it. The complaint appears to have received the official signatures of the heads of the three tribes of the nation,—the Wolf, the Bear, and the Turtle. Mr. Sergeant was consulted, although perhaps he did no more than tell the chiefs the proper way of forwarding complaints; and there

This village is situate on a high plain ; and Skanandogh's house, on the south edge of it, commands an extensive and grand view all round. Were the country in a state of cultivation, nothing could be more charming than such a prospect ; but it is melancholy to see so fine a tract of land in such a savage state. There are in this village a considerable number of huts, most of which are of logs, some few framed, and several of them have covered stoops or piazzas in the Dutch style. In the late war their village was destroyed by the Indians and Tories in the British interest. They had a decent church with a bell, which was built by charitable donations. This was destroyed. The whole nation removed down the Mohawk River, and encamped on the plain of Schenectady above the town, where they lived several years, and were supported by the United States. After their return to their own country, they rebuilt their houses chiefly after the manner of the Dutch, and carried home some of their customs.

Flights of pigeons all the p.m., and, indeed, every day since we have been in the county of Herkemer we have seen them. The Indians might easily take them with nets, but they do not ; and I heard but one gun fired at them. This is the season for catching salmon in the creeks of the Oneida Lake ; and many of the Indians were absent on this business, and will not return till it is over. Some time ago an Indian was drowned in one of these creeks. General Schuyler, who was then at Fort Stanwix, asked an Indian to catch him a salmon. The Indian said, " No salmon would come into the creek, because a man was drowned." The General, who understood how to oppose one superstition by another, replied, " I have put something into the water to cure it." On which the Indian went a fishing, and soon brought in three fine salmon. Lodged this night at old Skanandogh's on a mattress. Had a supper of tea, milk, Indian cake, fried eggs, and strawberries. The Indian cake is made by soaking the corn in ley, which takes off the hull ; then it is pounded in a mortar ; then mixed up with water into the form of a biscuit, and boiled till it becomes of the consistence of a dumpling.

Friday, June 24. Early this morning we set out on our return to New Stockbridge. On the way observed several of the Oneida *ladies* preparing to go out into the fields with their hoes to work in the cool

had not been complete unanimity among the people about the matter. Mr. Kirkland was charged also with encouraging taverns in the country. The next day Drs. Belknap and Morse called on the offending tavern-keeper, and were told that, as he lived on a public road, both Mr. Kirkland and Esquire Foot advised him to keep some refreshment for travellers, but expressly forbade him to sell liquor to the Indians. The chiefs wished to introduce a new complaint ; but the committee refused to entertain it, on the ground that Mr. Kirkland was not able to attend in person, and his son, who represented him, was not instructed on points not included in the former complaint.

The next day, at New Stockbridge, Dr. Belknap had some talk with the wife of Anthony (one of the chiefs), who was a sensible woman and often consulted. He has minuted down their conversation. She thought that the women generally agreed with the men in the wish to have another missionary than Mr. Kirkland, but that their great wish was to have the religious services maintained ; and she expected that the differences could be settled.

of the morning whilst their husbands smoke their pipes at home. On the road we met four or five women, with each a bag of corn on her back, which they had been to Stockbridge to buy. The bag was hung by a strap round their forehead. When a man and a woman go together to buy corn, the woman carries the load; and, if they have a horse, the man rides it with a bag under him, but the woman goes on foot with her load on her shoulders. The women are strong and patient and very laborious. Some few of the men, however, do work in the field, and the women work with them. It is to be observed that, in the Indian husbandry, the huts are placed in the centre of an inclosure, which is greater or less according to the number of the inhabitants. This inclosure is a common pasture, in which all their horses, cows, and swine feed together. Beyond the fence is the planting ground, and there is no fence between that and the woods. Some exceptions, however, there are to this general rule. The Indians of New Stockbridge make their fences, and separate their fields from their pastures in the English mode.

As we passed by the house of old Silversmith we called to see him. He is the head of the Pagan interest in the Oneida nation, which consists of about eight or ten families. We again viewed the *Oneida stone*; and our interpreter, by our desire, entered into conversation with the old man respecting his religious principles. He informed us that the objects of his devotion were the rocks and mountains, which he believed were animated by some invisible Power, which had a superintendency over human affairs.*

To this invisible Power he addressed his devotions, and depended on it for success in hunting and in war. This had been his religion from his youth, and he had never failed of receiving answers to his prayers. He had always either killed his enemy or made him captive, and had generally good luck in hunting. Others, he said, paid the same devotion to the wind and to the thunder, believing them to be invisible powers, and put the same trust in them as he did in the rocks and mountains; and he regarded the Oneida stone as an image of the deity which he worshipped.

On our way we called to see Peter, the son of "good Peter," a Christian Indian who died about three or four years ago, and a nephew of Silversmith, by whom he was educated in the principles of Paganism. The children all belong to the mother, and are accounted of her tribe or clan. When the mother dies the children are taken by her nearest relations, and the father has no care of their education. This accounts for *good* Peter having so *bad* a son; for, as the mother died before the father, the uncle took young Peter under his care, and made a heathen of him. Peter the second has the most savage, ferocious countenance that I have seen among them. He has committed several murders, one about two years ago. He killed a young man of the Onondago nation, and the Onondagos killed one of the Oneidas

* "Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind." — Dr. Belknap's note.

in return. He has also killed two persons supposed witches. This is regarded as an act of public justice. Peter thanked us for calling to see him, and for the respect we showed to the memory of his father, which he supposed was the motive of our visit.

John Matoxon, who went on foot by the side of our horses, told me that he could walk fifty miles in a day. He is a tall, stout fellow, and I believe capable of doing what he said. He is twenty-five years of age; has some hairs on his chin, but has pulled out many, and says he intends to eradicate the rest; but the pain is so great that he cannot bear to pull out more than three or four at a time. They use a pair of iron pincers for this operation, and no blood follows the hair when extracted.

Arrived at Mr. Sergeant's about nine o'clock, and after breakfast attended divine service in the meeting-house. There were present, as far as I could judge, about one hundred and fifty persons, nearly an equal number of each sex, who ranged themselves on opposite sides of the house. Many of the women brought their children tied up in their cradles, which are very convenient to be carried, to be set down, or hung up, at pleasure. Dr. Morse preached, and I prayed. Captain Hendrick, the chief sachem, interpreted the discourse by sentences. It lasted an hour and twenty-five minutes. This mode of preaching by an interpreter is very tedious and clumsy. It may do once in a while for a stranger; but a missionary ought certainly to understand the language of his hearers. Mr. S. was brought up among the Stockbridge Indians, and is well acquainted with their tongue. The name of the tribe is Mohukenuh.*

After sermon we had another conference with the chiefs, and received answers to some of our questions which had not before been answered. They also gave us a copy of their town covenant or constitution, and of the act of the New York legislature relative to them.

A Brotherton Indian delivered me a letter from David Fowler and two others who style themselves "peacemakers," — a kind of selectmen in Brotherton. The letter invited us to go thither and give them an answer to a petition which they had before sent to the commissioners requesting a missionary to be sent among them. We wrote an answer informing them that their petition had not been sent to Boston, but that we had met it on the road, and should carry it; that it would be sent to Scotland, and it would probably be a year before they could have an answer.†

* Dr. Belknap's memorandum book gives us the *new* names applied to Mr. Sergeant's daughters as a compliment on the occasion of a visit to New England: Abigail, Menoonsquoh, a *virtuous woman*; and Betsy, Necknesquoh, a *flourishing girl*. And for a specimen of the Oneida tongue we have the names of Mr. Kirkland's children: John T., Logwoncarst, a *lover of every one*; George W., Kâhondawiska, a *field in bloom*; Samuel, Kâlaneo, a *musical voice*; Eliza, Kowathalânâ, *speaking to every one*; and Ralph, Istaneal, *steel*. Quisquisahoontâ was a *hog's ear*; Kitkit, a *hen*; and Scarlot, *rum*.

† Brotherton was occupied by the Indians brought from Connecticut by Samson Occum, the well-known Indian preacher, who died there in 1792. President Dwight visited the settlement in 1799. See "Travels," vol. iii. pp. 168-174.

There is one woman named Esther in this place who last year wove sixteen yards of woollen cloth for shirts, and expects this year to make double the number. This is a singular instance of industry, and deserves encouragement. She is a widow of forty years old, has seven children and an infirm sister to maintain.

Here we had an interview with the committee of Quakers from Pennsylvania, who gave us a copy of their commission. They have taken up their quarters for the present in Captain Hendrick's house.

We inquired for John Kunkapot, who was at Boston three years ago begging books to keep school. Were informed that he pawned the books on his way home, for liquor; and that he went last winter to Philadelphia, and has not been heard of since. We saw him at Albany on our return. He is begging all over the country. A worthless fellow!

About three P.M. set out on our return to Paris, the weather very hot; but when we got into the woods the shade was very agreeable. On our way picked several flowers and got specimens of some vegetables not in flower, which I put into a pamphlet to save for Mr. Peck. Found the ginseng and maidenhair in great plenty in the Oneida woods; also a substance much resembling hops, growing on trees.* Met with the prickly ash, not in flower, and passed by many others which our time and circumstances would not allow us to take. About seven got to Mr. Kirkland's house, and found him still very sick and his family greatly fatigued with their attendance on him. Lodged this night at the house of his son, George W. Kirkland, who had accompanied us in our tour among the Indians.

Saturday, June 25. Excessively hot. Visited Mr. Kirkland again in the morning, and returned to his son's to dine, where we stayed till four P.M., when Dr. Morse went to Whites-borough, and I concluded to keep Sabbath here.† In the evening much lightning and thunder in the south and southeast. A thunder-shower in the night; rained very hard.

Evening came in two gentlemen from Genesee country. They say that Jo. Brandt, with a party of his Indians, have met the surveyors who are out beyond the Genesee, and forbade them to proceed. This is supposed to be a manœuvre to procure a thousand or more dollars from those who claim the lands. They made Jo a *present* of a few trifles before they went out; but he requires a larger *fee* to extinguish his claim. These gentlemen confirmed the story of Brandt's having killed his own son last summer, and say they had it from his own mouth. The Genesee country is not healthy. The flats are extensive, and the water very foul, which breeds noxious vapors. The people are subject to a putrid fever which goes by the name of the Genesee fever.

The salt springs of Onondago are wrought to great advantage, and the people in this region are supplied with it. They boil the water

* I have since learned that this tree is called the hop hornbeam. — *Dr. Belknap's note.*

† This was written at Paris.

in large kettles, and can afford the salt for five shillings York money per bushel. It is very fine, and not so bitter as sea salt. The fresh water thereabouts is not good, and the people are sickly in the heat of summer. These springs are public property. To the westward of Onondago are other salt springs, and there is one small lake whose water is brackish; a crust of salt is said to be seen on its surface early in the morning, but dissolves when the sun shines. This part of the story I doubt.*

In the township of Pompey are found petrifications of sea shells, a specimen of which was given me by Rev. Mr. Norton, of Paris, which I shall present to the Historical Society.†

At parting with Mr. Deane, our interpreter, I proposed a correspondence with him, which he with some hesitation accepted. He is a sensible, intelligent man, one of Dr. Wheelock's scholars, and well acquainted with Indians.

The region where I am at present is very elevated. The streams run northerly into the Mohawk. Between Mr. Kirkland's and his son's is the Oriskany Creek, which Mr. Deane says is a corrupt pronunciation of *Ol hiskè*, signifying "a place of nettles." The nettles were very plentiful and large on its banks. This is a sign of good land. This place is called Clinton settlement, within the town of Paris and within the extensive district of Whites Town. It has been settled eleven years, and Esquire Foot was the first who came here. He is from Connecticut. It is a central situation, and a good place for trade.

Lord's Day, June 26. A fine, cool, westerly wind in consequence of the thunder last night. Breakfasted on salmon taken in the Oneida Creek, — very fine. The Indians have the exclusive right of this fishery, which they reserved in the sale of their lands to the State of New York. Preached all day for Mr. Norton, and toward evening returned to Mr. Plat's at Whitestown.

Monday, June 27. We had some expectation of going to Fort Stanwix, twelve miles distant to the northwest, and thence going down the Mohawk with General Schuyler, in his covered boat, to Schenectada. We this day received a letter from the General, informing us that his boat was gone down to fetch the engineer and his family, that he should be glad to see us at Fort Stanwix and bring us down by water to old Fort Schuyler, where he should stay four or five days, and that he would send us down by the first boat that he could detain. Considering that we should be delayed perhaps a whole week here, and considering also that this is a fever-and-ague country, that the disorder has begun rather earlier than usual, that Mr. Plat's wife (where I lodge) has it, and that General Schuyler himself is not free from it, — as we heard by Mr. Fish, of New Jersey, who saw

* If anything swims it must be an *oily* substance. — Dr. Belknap's note.

† Dr. Belknap presented these petrifications, in Mr. Norton's name, to the Society at the July meeting after his return home; and in January, 1797, Mr. Norton was elected a Corresponding Member, having been nominated by Dr. Morse at the November meeting previous.

him this morning, — we concluded it was best for us to go down by the stage, as we came up. After dining with Mr. Breeze, and waiting for the stage till six o'clock, we set off and came down this P.M. to old Fort Schuyler, and lodged at Mr. House's inn.

Tuesday, June 28. Rose at four. Waited till a quarter past five for the stage and company, then set off toward home. Three miles from old Fort Schuyler we met the first detachment of the troops destined for Oswego. They appeared to be about sixty or seventy in number, in a uniform of blue and red. A wagon followed containing their tents and baggage. After riding a few miles we met a boy on horseback, who inquired of us where we met the troops. We answered him, but knew not the reason of his asking till we got to Aldridge's. The driver knew him to be Aldridge's boy. This morning cloudy and rainy. In a shower we met two Dutch girls walking barefoot, and carrying their shoes in their hands, — an eminent instance of Dutch economy.

After fasting six hours and riding seventeen miles through very bad road, at ten A.M. we got some very welcome breakfast at Aldridge's (German Flats). Here we found the boats containing the baggage, ammunition, and stores of the troops, with the commanding officer, Captain Bruff, and the agent or purveyor, Judge Glen. The preceding afternoon they had had a quarrel with the Dutch boatmen who navigated the batteaux in which were the stores. They would have their own way to go or stop when and where they pleased, and it is as hard to turn a Dutchman as a mule out of his way. The captain could not speak their language; but he wanted the boats to be paraded *en militaire*, and guarded by night. (N. B. They had been six days on the water from Schenectada.) This bred a quarrel. The Captain fired his piece at them, and they came at him with the poles with which they set the boats against the stream. A conflict might have ensued had not the Captain's wife and daughter by their cries and entreaties prevailed. The arrival of the purveyor, soon after, — who, being a Dutchman, could speak to them in their own tongue, — helped to pacify the boatmen. But, to be sure of a superiority, the Captain had despatched Aldridge's boy (whom we met) to call back part of the troops, who had at least seventeen miles to travel in a retrograde progression to come to the assistance of their commander. Both he and the Judge appeared to be in great agitation, full of words, and not destitute of profaneness.

Dined this day at Indian Castle, and got some more of Hendrick's cider, which is excellent. Lodged at Dwight's, a mile below the house where the stage puts up. N. B. Dwight told me that the root called wake-robin is an effectual cure for the poison of bushes and plants which usually affect the skin. It is bruised with milk, and applied externally. In the night a heavy thunder-shower. The meadow was full of fire-flies, and, the extent being great and the house high above it, I had a singular amusement the preceding evening in viewing the incessant glimmering of ten thousand of these insects, with now and then a flash of lightning to assist the illumination.

Wednesday, June 29. Dr. Morse not well. Rode six miles to Conolly's, and there breakfasted; but he ate nothing. Rode eleven miles more, and he was so ill that we stopped at Putnam's, — a clean Dutch house opposite Schoharie Creek and Fort Hunter, — and let the stage go on, the driver promising to return to-morrow on purpose to fetch us, if he should be able to proceed. Employed a Dr. Sanford as physician to Dr. Morse, and the good man and woman of the house nursed him as tenderly as if he had been their own child. His disorder was cholera morbus. He was very ill all day and evening. At night got some rest by the help of anodyne, and in the morning was better.

All the P.M. and A.M. of next day, Thursday, June 30, employed myself in reading Wheelock's narratives, which I carried in my trunk; and observing the warm, enthusiastic manner in which the business of converting Indians has been conducted, and the changes which appeared in the conduct of the persons concerned when the ardor abated. *Tempora mutantur, &c.* About twelve o'clock the extra stage came; and, Dr. M. being somewhat recovered, we set out for Schenectada, twenty-one miles.

Stopped by the way at Miles's (formerly Guy Johnson's house); there met a Dr. Sweet, who fell into conversation, and offered to conduct us to the *painted rock*, which he said was about two miles down the river. Took him up in the carriage and rode with him two miles. Then he and I left the carriage to search for the rock. This ramble took up forty minutes, and I walked about two miles, partly through woods and partly through fields. The rock is on the north bank of the Mohawk, fifteen miles above Schenectada. It is a perpendicular ledge of limestone, with a pretty smooth surface and about twenty feet high. On the upper part — which is easily accessible, the laminæ projecting in various places — appear the remains of some red paint, which has been in the same situation for eighteen or twenty years. Imagination may conceive the paint to resemble almost any thing; but judgment cannot decide without the help of testimony. The tradition is that it was painted by the Indians in memory of some canoes of Indians who went thence to war, and never returned; that the painting represented canoes and men in them; and that this painting is frequently *renewed* to preserve the memory of the event. Some add that the renewal is performed in the night, or by some *invisible* hand. The fact is that there is a rock with some appearance of red paint, that the paint has been in some measure defended from the weather by a projection of the rock *over* it, and that the place is easily accessible by similar projections *under* it. This is all that can be said with any certainty. As to the frequent renewal of the paint, &c., I was assured by Dr. Sweet that he had known it to be in the same condition as we saw it for eighteen years past; and a man whom we took as a pilot, who appeared to be about twenty-five years old, said it always looked just so since his remembrance.

We had a pleasant ride to Schenectada, and got there just at sunset. This village is not a very *sightly* place either from a distance or when you are in it. The principal business is boat-building, for

which there is a great call by reason of the continual increase of transportation on the Mohawk River for one hundred miles. Evening visited Mr. Duane. Lodged at Plat's.

Friday, July 1. Breakfasted with Rev. Dr. John Smith, president of the college here. It has a fund of fourteen thousand pounds, York currency; contains forty students. Part of the fund is to be applied toward the erection of a public building for college exercises, library, apparatus, &c.; but the scholars are not to live in barracks nor eat in commons. The classes are distinguished by different-colored ribbons worn over their shoulders in the form of sashes.* The name of the institution is Union College. It began last fall. By the report of the regents, March, 1797, the property of this college is stated to be \$42,422.60, and 1,604 acres of land.† After breakfast rode sixteen miles to Albany, the wind driving the dust before us, so that we were fairly involved in a cloud the whole way. Stopped at McKean's, five miles from Albany, where we saw the spring-head of the projected aqueduct for the city. The water is very pure and cool, and there seems to be a good supply.

By reason of our detention at Johnstown, my stay in Albany will be so short that I shall not have time to visit every part. The old Dutch church is an object of curiosity without. Its appearance is more like a powder magazine than a place of worship. It is of stone, with a monstrous, high, pitched roof, in a pyramidal form, with a little cupola and bell.‡ It is eighty years old, and was built over an older church in which divine service was performed all the time that the present one was building, so that they omitted but one Sunday. This is the tradition, and I was assured of the truth of it by Lieutenant-Governor Rensselaer, with whom I dined this day. There is nothing elegant in any of the public buildings of this city. The jail is, I think, the most sightly of them and the newest. Some of the streets are very narrow; but the new ones, particularly Watervliet, is wide and well paved. State Street is also wide; the old Dutch church is at the lower end, and the English church at the upper end. There is also a Presbyterian meeting-house; but the clergyman, McDonald, is silenced, . . . and has set up a bookstore. This man had a great share of influence whilst his wickedness was unknown; but he is now treated with as much disrespect as he deserves. It was he who wrote the letters to Scotland which were the occasion of our mission into these parts.§ There is also a Methodist church, a German Calvinist, and a German Lutheran, — six in all.

* The distinction between the classes was marked in their dress in other American colleges. See "College Words and Customs," s. v. Dress.

† It will be readily understood that this sentence was added to the diary at a later day than the original entry.

‡ There is a picture of this church in Munsell's "Collections on the History of Albany," vol. ii. p. 25.

§ Mr. McDonald removed to Canada, and after some years' residence there was restored to the ministry by the Presbytery of Montreal. He returned to Albany, and was active in gathering the United Presbyterian Church, of which he became the first pastor. He resigned in 1819, and died soon afterward. See Munsell's "Collections," vol. i. pp. 419-425. Dr. Belknap elsewhere speaks of him as "a bitter enemy to New England men, and especially to New England preachers."



The old fur-traders in this city look very pleasant this day, on the occasion of the arrival of about twenty wagons loaded with furs from the northward. A renewal of this gainful business is anticipated; and this is one effect of peace and friendship with Great Britain, notwithstanding all the clamor that has been raised about the treaty.

The mayor of this city, Abraham Yates, died yesterday, and is to be buried to-morrow, but I cannot stay to see the funeral. It is said the whole city is invited to attend, and here none go to a funeral but those who are invited. The bell rings as ours do for fire. To a wedding everybody goes without invitation, and the married couple keep open doors for two or three days. The boys assemble round the door and expect cookies, *i. e.*, cakes, to be thrown out to them.

At Albany I parted with my companion, Dr. Morse, he intending to go down the river to New York next week. Lodged this night at Mr. Elkanah Watson's. Was much amused with the sound of cow-bells; all the cows of the city passing by his house on their return from pasture. At Skenectada the cows parade in the streets by night, and make dirty work before the doors. The whole town is a perfect cow-yard.

Saturday, July 2. Crossed the ferry in the stage at seven A.M. Rode through Greenbush, Schodac, and Stephen Town to Lebanon. At the springs observed a green bower erecting, and tables preparing to celebrate the festival of Independence on Monday next. They have also an iron four-pounder, which is mounted for the occasion.

About six o'clock P.M. I re-entered the State of Massachusetts, ascending from Lebanon Springs up a very long and steep mountain, which required one whole hour to gain the summit. This is Hancock Mountain, so called from the township in which it lies. There is a grand view from the top, but, it being about sunset when we came to it, and rather cloudy, we did not much enjoy it.

Entering Pittsfield, saw old Hoosuck to the north. Arrived before dark at Mr. Allen's, where I propose to keep Sabbath, and hope to get home Wednesday next.

Lord's Day, July 3. Preached at Pittsfield for Mr. Allen. It being communion day, three women were added to the church, two of whom were then baptized. After service, at noon, a child was buried. The corpse had stood in the porch of the meeting-house all the time of service, and every one of the congregation looked at the corpse before the coffin was closed. After service in P.M. visited John Chandler Williams's and Mr. Van Scaik. The day was cloudy, and some small showers. Toward night observed old Hoosuck with his night-cap on, which denotes foul weather.

Monday, July 4. This day being the festival of Independence, the inhabitants of Pittsfield and the neighboring towns are to meet at Richmond. This is out of the stage road. Cloudy, misty, and wet morning. As we rose Partridgefield mountain we got above the mist into clear sunshine, and the weather became very hot. Dined at Meach's, in Worthington, but could get no better liquor than cider to drink the President's health. When we came to Northampton at evening, found that not a bell had been rung, nor a gun fired, nor a

